Becket is set now doth Oldcastle shine
Him for a Saint within your Kalends hold
Thus fools admire what wisest men despiseth
Thus fond affects do fall, when virtue riseth

Wit, spend th} vigour, poets, wits' quintessence,
Hermes make great the world's eyes with tears ,
Actors make sighs a burden for each sentence,
That he may sob which reads, he swound which hears
Meantime, till life in death you do renew,
Wits, poets, Hermes, actors, all adieu